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THE

Mohawk

1959



The MOHAWK



NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTY-NINE

SENIOR CLASS PUBLICATION
OF
MILLIS HIGH SCHOOL
MILLIS, MASSACHUSETTS

Nancy Adams
EDITOR

Patricia Godfrey
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Paul Crehan
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

Jeanette Watson
BUSINESS MANAGER

Barbara Lynch
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Dedicated To Our Parents...



Faculty



Seniors



Activities

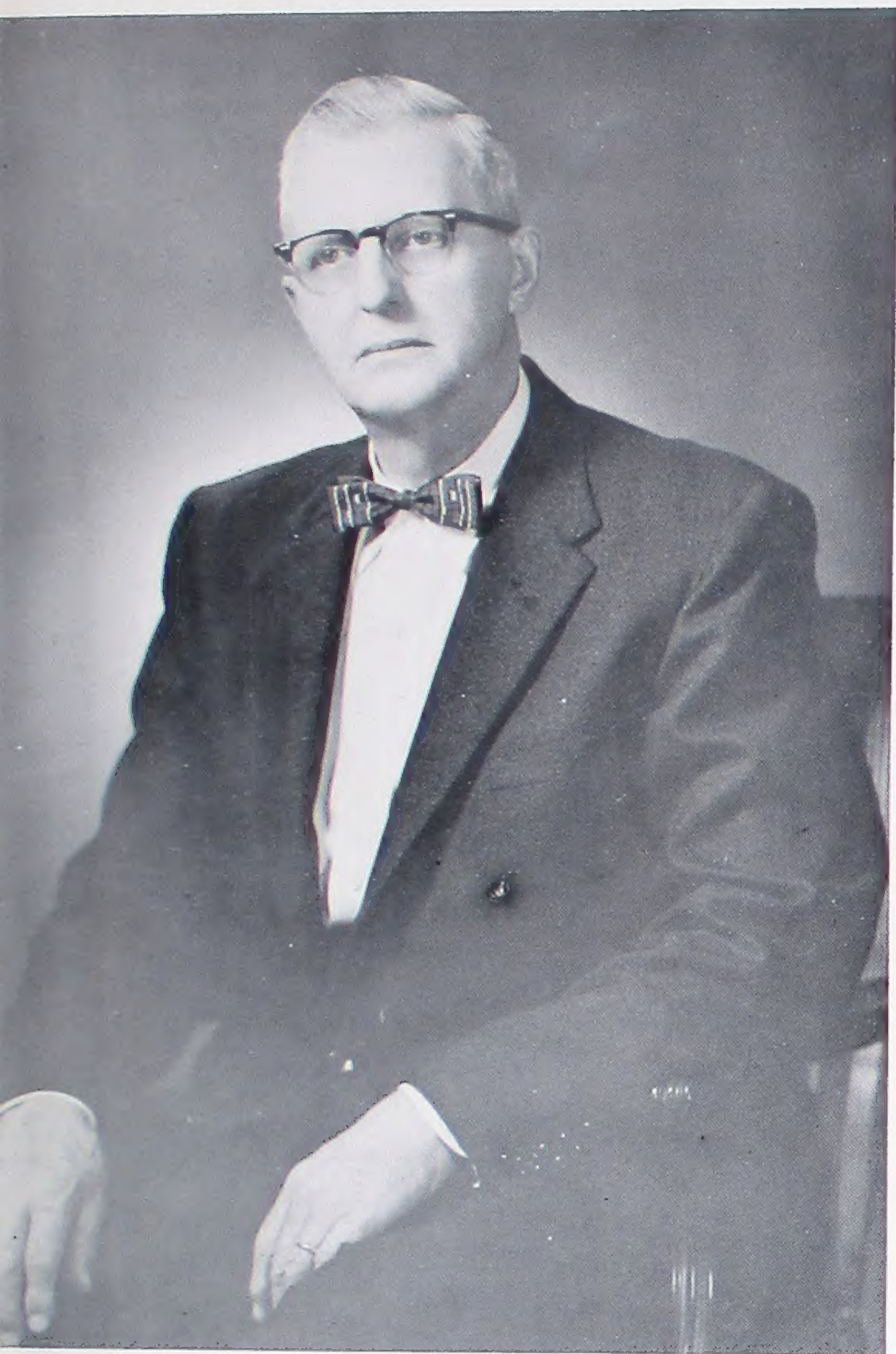


High School Hi-Lights

We, the Class of 1959, dedicate this, our yearbook, to our parents. We hope this insufficient token will show that your years of patience, love, kindness, and understanding were not totally unappreciated; that we, your children, realize it is you who have made our education possible; that it is you to whom we owe our homes, our happiness, and our lives.

Our Book Contains

The Mohawk contains our history, short though it may be. Our years in high school have sped by and we are now looking forward to the future, wondering what it holds for us. But no matter what comes — whether happiness, fame, or fortune — we will always enjoy looking back on those carefree days through the pages of our **Mohawk**. Here are our initiation, our first big dance, our beautiful Junior Prom, the senior play "Bringing Up Mother", the long-awaited Washington Trip, the Senior Reception, and finally — Graduation Day, all the occasions and little incidents that endear Millis High to us.



Mr. Clyde F. Brown, Principal

In Appreciation: TO CLYDE F. BROWN, principal, teacher, adviser, and friend:

You have always been willing to help and advise us; you have always kept your faith in us. The Class of 1959 joins with the faculty, the student body, the alumni, and the people of Millis in expressing its deep appreciation for all the sacrifices you have made for the betterment of our community. We all wish you a happy retirement.

Our Able Administrators



Mr. Henry M. Doyle, Vice-Principal

Dr. George C. Roy, Superintendent

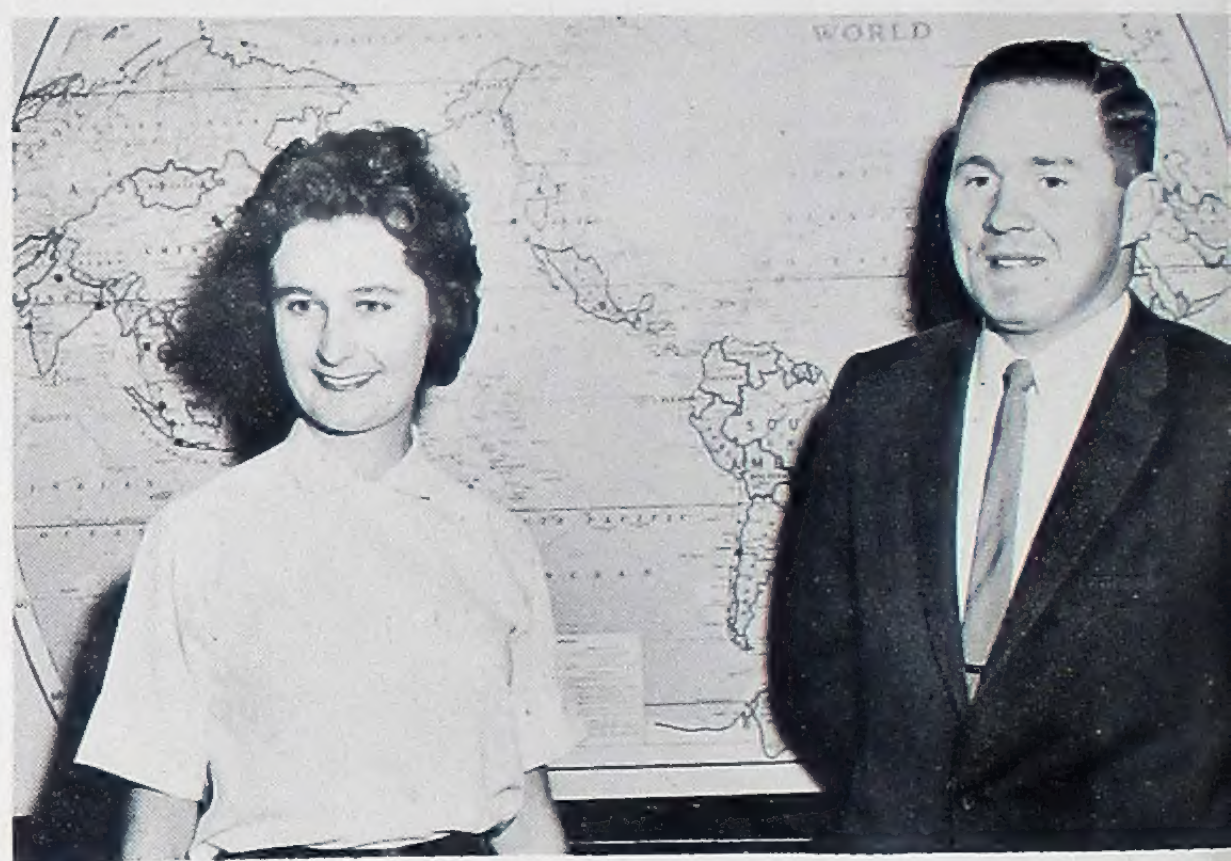




Mathematics
Mary K. Gavin
Eleanor E. Kenney



Dean of Women
Mary M. Barrett



Social Studies
Maureen Fitzpatrick
Frederick L. Tobin

FACULTY

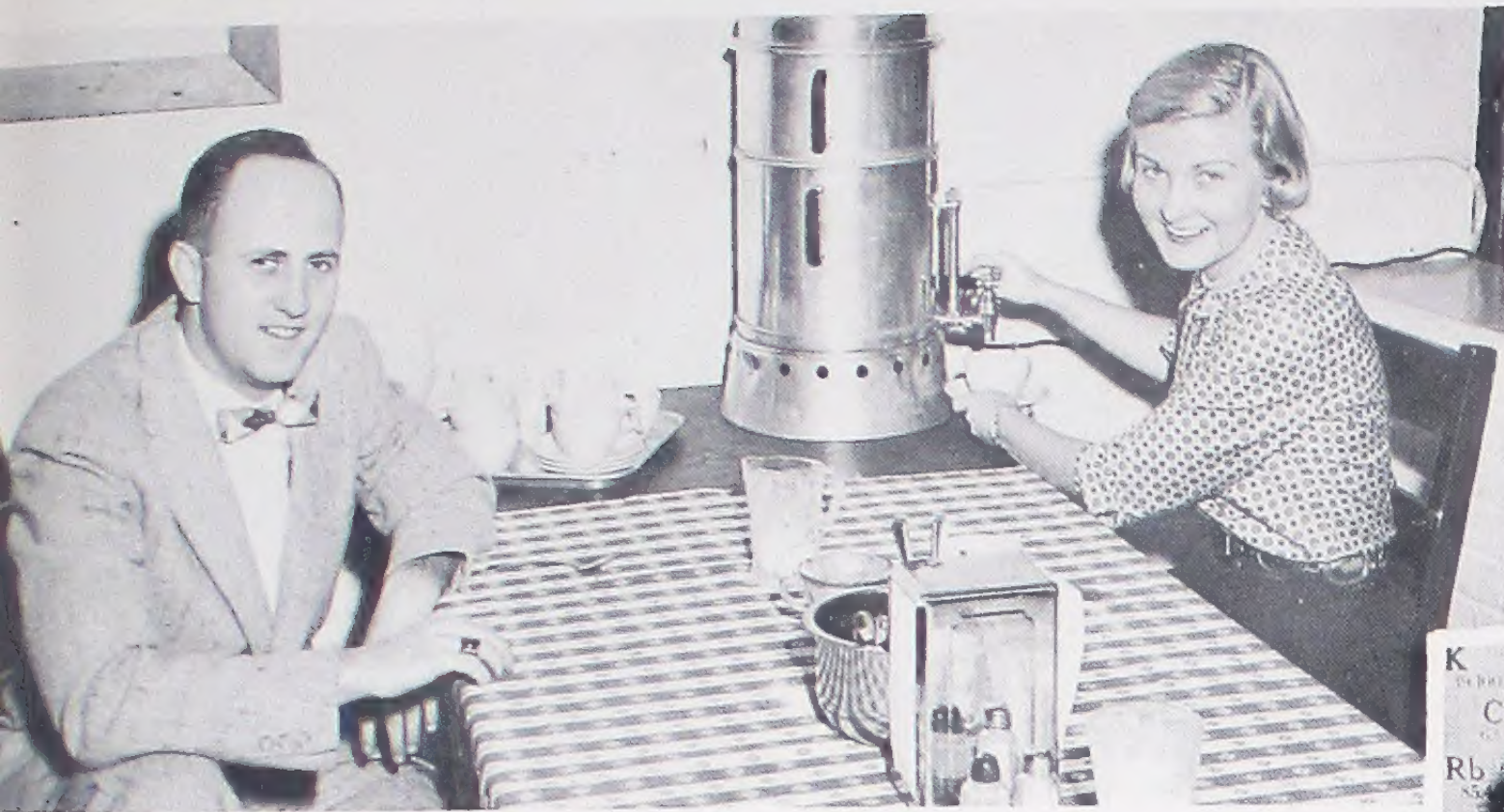
Languages
Ann M. Kenny
Ruth T. Heustis
Katherine J. Duhig
Francis J. Rivers
Kay Norling



Office
Irene McDonough
Dorothy Thumith



Music
Sula J. Mekalatos



Practical Arts
John T. Newell
Mary Neilan

Business
Mary M. Barrett
Jean A. Emerson



Science
Albert P. Palumbo
Noreen N. Arnberg



Driver Education
Edward Tamuleviz



Physical Education
Robert Nolan
Pauline O'Neil





Patricia Godfrey, Ass't. Editor
Nancy Adams, Editor

The **Mohawk** staff had an enormous task confronting it; though the book must be small, it must encompass many happy years. The staff expresses its deepest thanks to Mrs. Gavin, our adviser, who worried with us until the last ad was sold, the last photograph labeled, the last copy written, and the book finally sent off to print. We hope you enjoy your **Mohawk**.

Mary K. Gavin, Adviser



MOHAWK STAFF

Staff —

Jean Watson, Barbara Lynch, Paul Crehan, Nancy Adams, Patricia Godfrey



SENIORS



CLASS OFFICERS

President	Dorothy Pettis
Vice-President	Robert Healy
Secretary	Kathleen Brodeur
Treasurer	Paula Bison



Nancy Caroline Adams

Nancy likes to eat, read, and swim—dislikes inconsiderate people and beets—her ambition is to travel.

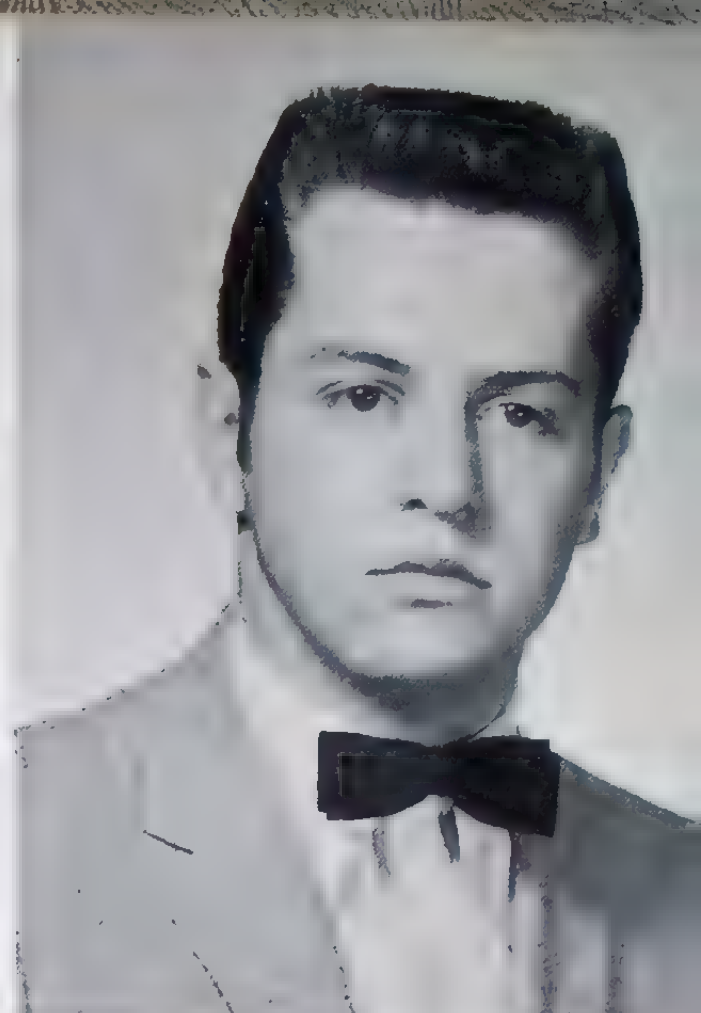
Class Will; Class Secretary 1; Class Treasurer 3; **Mohawk**, Editor; Girls' State Representative; Senior Play; Student Council 1, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1.



Elizabeth Ann Alger

Betty likes Joe, bowling and Medfield—dislikes homework, washing dishes and conceited people—her ambition is to become a telephone operator.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



James Eugene Alger

Jimmy likes a certain little Medfield girl and motorcycles—dislikes loneliness and ambitious people—hopes to become a paratrooper.

The 1959



Paula Eileen Bison

Paula likes Paul—dislikes sneaky people—her ambition is to be a hair stylist on an ocean liner, and her secret ambition is to be an old maid.

Class Prophecy; Valentine Court 4; Senior Play; **Live Wire** 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Cheerleading 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-capt. 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Softball 1.





Franciline Mary Braun

Fran likes vacations, sauerkraut and individuality—dislikes breakfast and disloyalty—her ambition is to tour the world in eighty days.

Valedictorian; U. S. History Award; D. A. R. Good Citizenship Award; Senior Play; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1.



Kathleen Alice Brodeur

Kathy likes basketball, sleep, boys and food—dislikes unfriendly people and homework—wants to become an elementary teacher.

Class Secretary 4; Memorial Day Speaker; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Softball 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.



Carol Ruth Coldwell

Carol likes custom cars and R 'n B music—dislikes snobs—she would like to be associated with the automobile business.

Senior Class

Paul Joseph Crehan

Paul likes to go to Gerry's house—dislikes getting up in the morning—would like to own Boeing Aircraft Corp.

Class Vice-President 2, 3; **Mohawk**, Photography Editor; **Live Wire**, Boys' Sports Editor 4; Valentine Court 4; Student Council 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Football 8, 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-Capt. 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4.

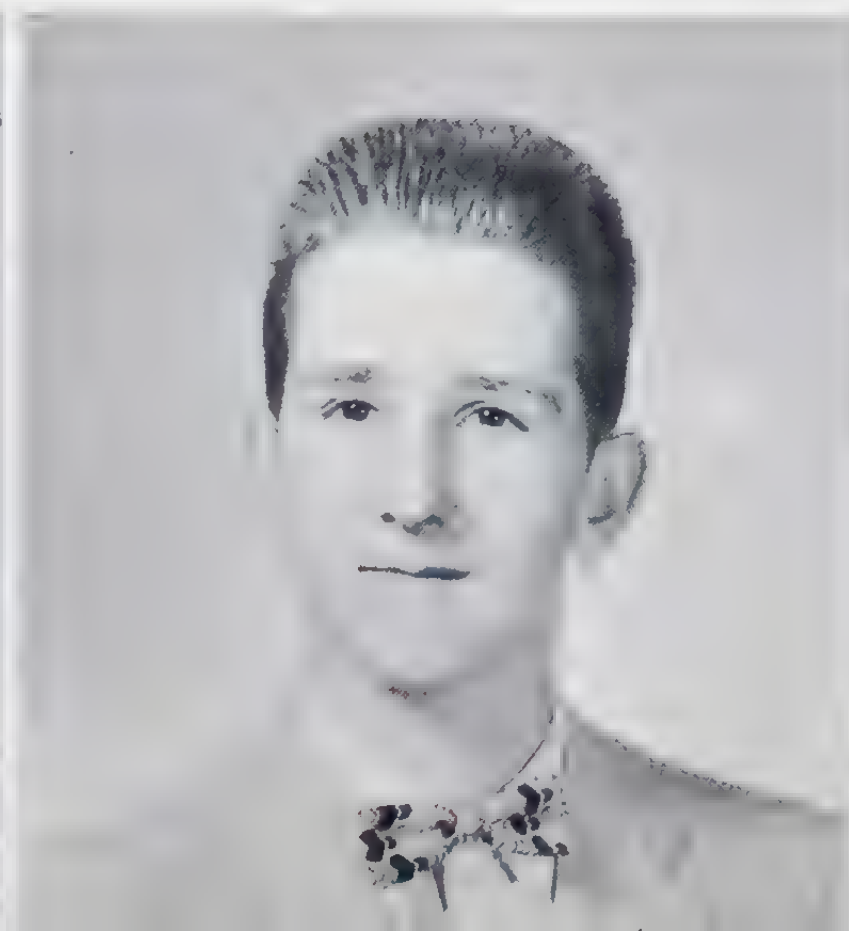
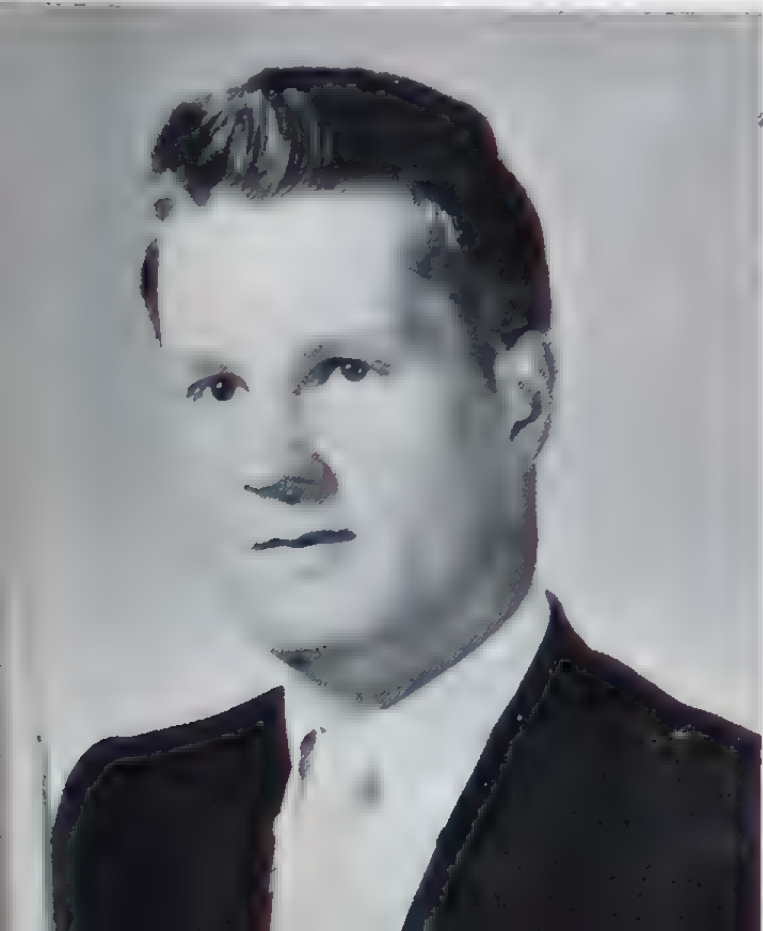
David John George

Murray likes stock car racing and working on cars—dislikes conceited people—he hopes to be a Diesel mechanic or Diesel driver.

Marcia Elaine Geyer

Marcia likes boys—dislikes people who always show off—her ambition is to get married and live in California.

Senior Play; **Live Wire**, Reporter 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3.





Patricia Helen Godfrey

Fat Pat likes Johnny, Norwood Arena, motorcycles, and music—dislikes spiders and working—her ambition is to travel everywhere and then settle down.

Mohawk, Assistant Editor; **Live Wire**; Valentine Court 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 4, Captain 4.



Robert James Healy

Heels likes sports—dislikes people who are "stuck on" themselves—his ambition is to get a high school diploma.

Class Vice-President 4; Student Council President 4; **Live Wire**, Sports Editor 3, 4; Senior Play; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3.



Allen Caperton Horsley

Allen likes life—dislikes narrow minds and hypocrites—his ambition is to be President of the United States.

Class Historian; Class President 1; Boys' State Representative; **Live Wire**, Assistant Editor 4; Memorial Day Speaker; Student Council 1, 4; Senior Play; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2.

The 1959

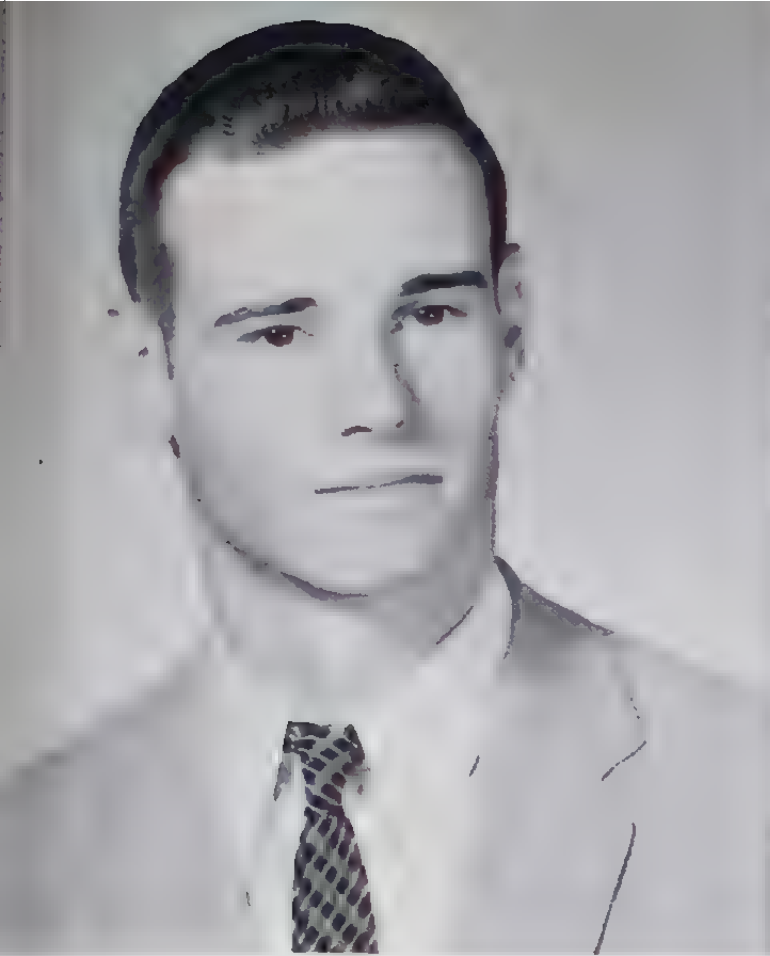


Mary Elizabeth Judge

Mary likes true friendship—dislikes cheating and unreliable people—her ambition is to see the world.

Senior Play; Softball 1; Basketball 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.





Milford Wyman Kenney

Miffie likes sports and horses—dislikes homework, working and bossy people.

Football 8, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 8, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4.



Priscilla Jean Kopeski

Pris likes everything—dislikes two-faced people—her ambition is to become a nurse.

Class Treasurer 1; Student Council 1; **Live Wire**, Girls' Sports Editor 4; Senior Play; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1.



Barbara Ellen Lynch

Lynchie likes Norwood Arena and sleeping—dislikes school and gym—her ambition is to travel with Dottie.

Mohawk, Assistant Business Manager; Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 2; Softball 1.

Senior Class

James Phillip MacLelland III

Jim likes sports, girls and driving after school—he dislikes work, bosses and bookkeeping.



Judith Lee Mosher

Judy likes Norwood, cheerleading, cars and people—dislikes gym and "Irma"—her ambition is to become an airline stewardess and travel.

Live Wire 4; Cheerleading 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Softball 1.



Lois Nirenberg

Lois likes almost everyone—dislikes French—she wants to live in California where the weather is warm.

Live Wire 4; Glee Club 1, 4.



WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

Most Likely to Succeed

Nancy Adams and Allen Horsley

Done Most for the Class

Dottie Pettis and Carl Olson

Best Looking

Dottie Pettis and Jim White

Best Dressed

Lorna Tedesco and Carl Olson

Best Athletes

Paula Bison and Jim White

Biggest Babies

Lorna Tedesco and Eddie Powers

Best Natured

Pat Godfrey and Paul Crehan

Most Talkative

Donna Wilson and Bob Healy

Most Popular

Dottie Pettis and Jim White

Best Mannered

Franciline Braun and Mike Costello

Neatest

Kathy Brodeur and Milford Kenney

Most Versatile

Dottie Pettis and Jim White

Teachers' Pets

Lorna Tedesco and Jim White

Class Comics

Paula Bison and Paul Crehan

Most Serious

Franciline Braun and Mike Costello

Biggest Daydreamers

Carol Coldwell and Allen Horsley

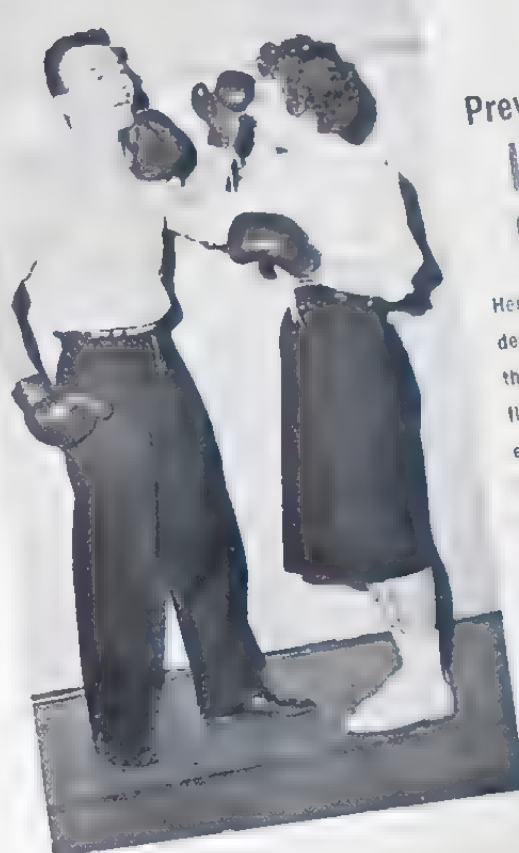
Quietest

Betty Alger and Mike Costello

Happy-go-Lucky

Paula Bison and Paul Crehan

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



Preview

U.S. OPEN

Herbert Warren Wind describes the course, the players and the flavor of golf's major event on the eve of the 1959 tournament held at Winged Foot

May 1959

Travel with baby

Jordan BOSTON

ART WALL



F O R T U N E



In this issue

The New U.S. Society
Who Pays the Corporation Tax?
An Astonishing Theory of Color

Changing Times

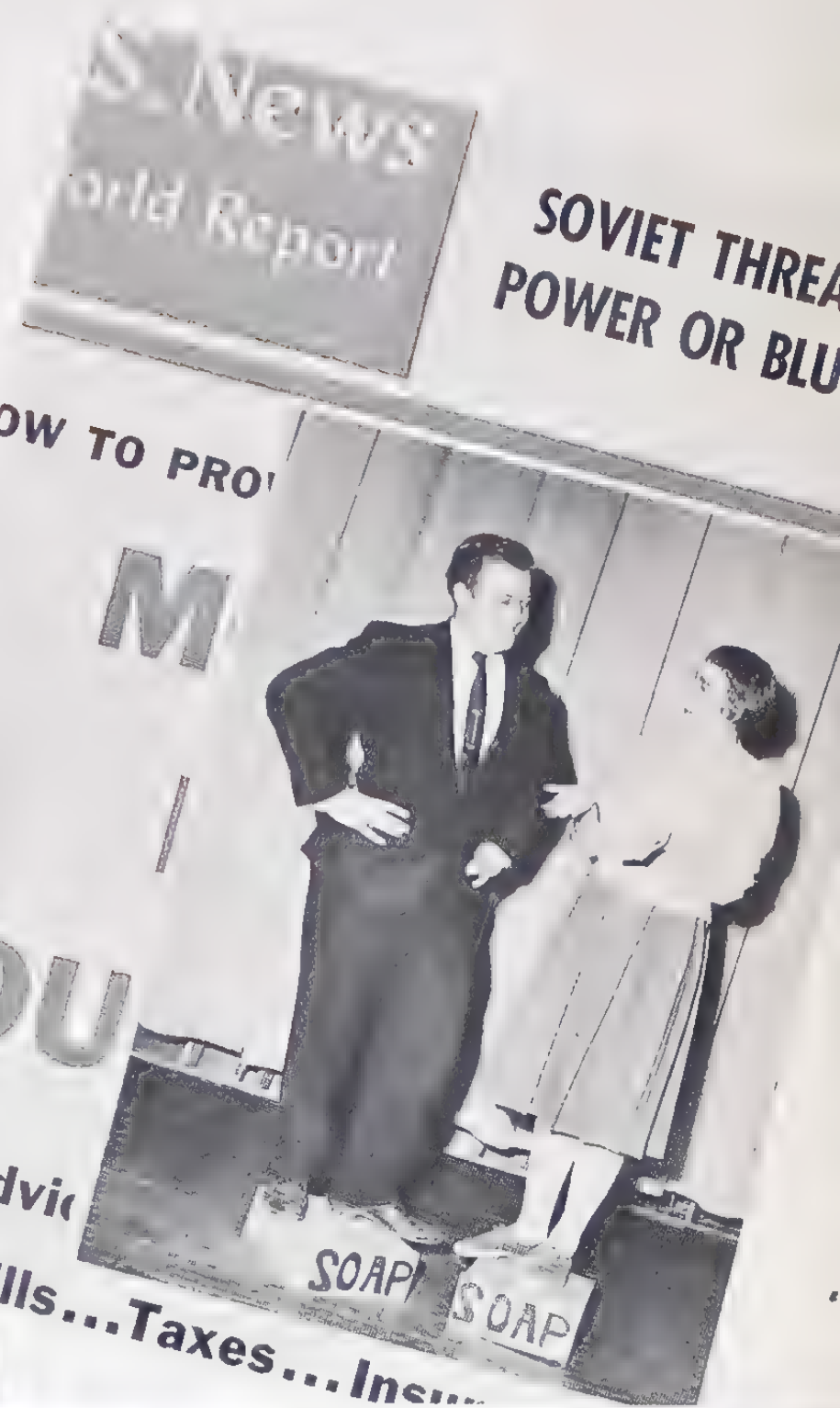
THE RIPLINGER MAG



IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF?

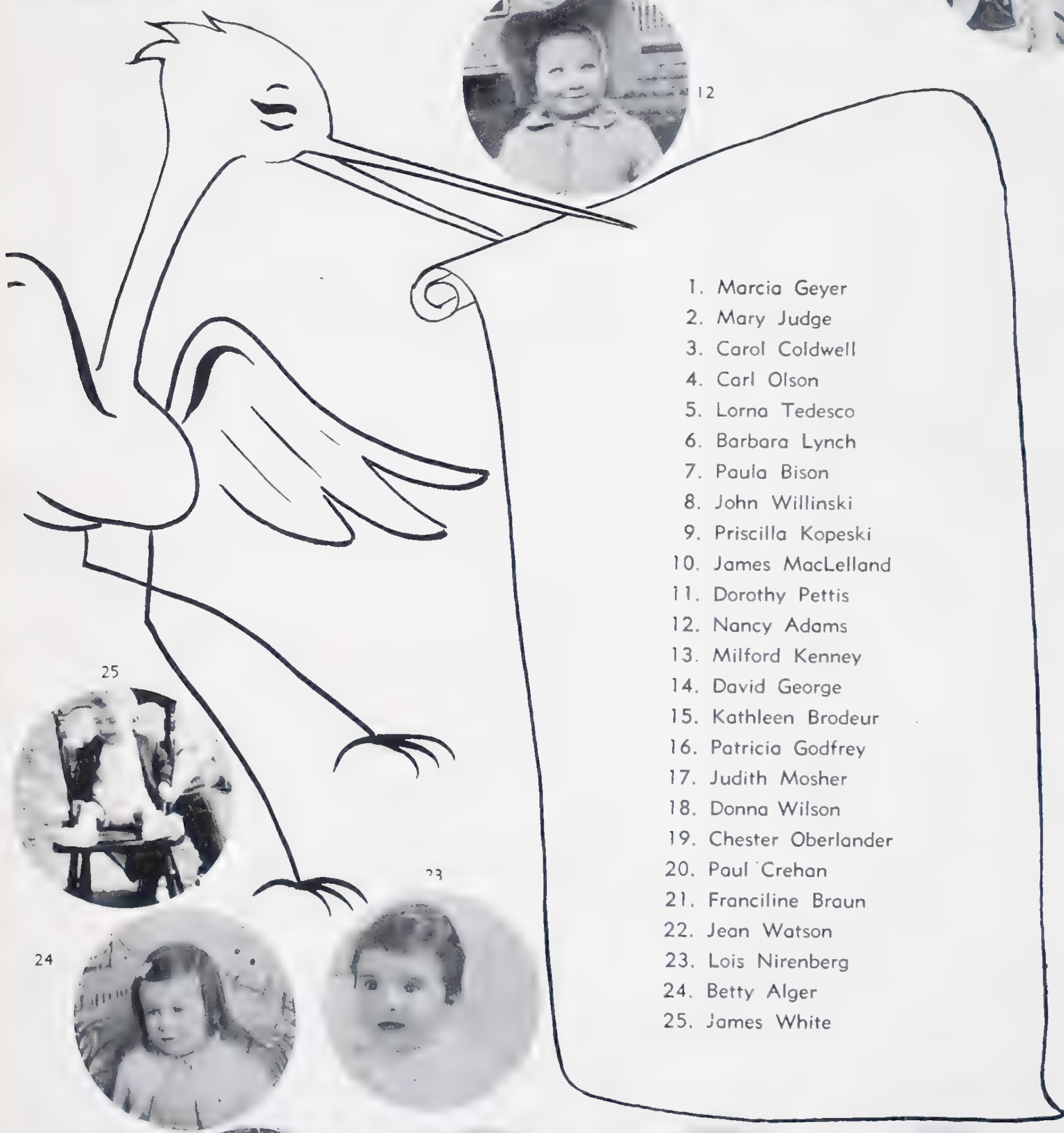
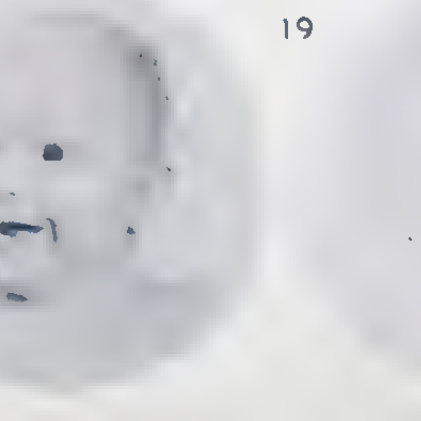
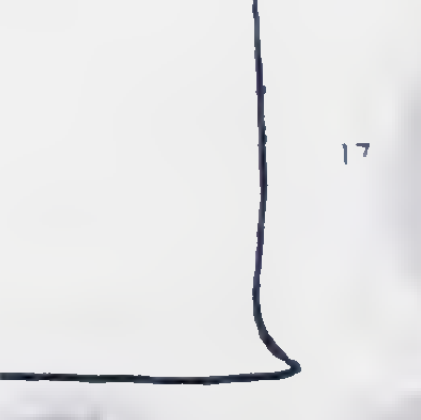
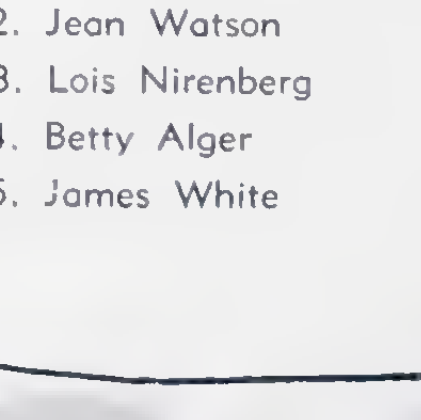
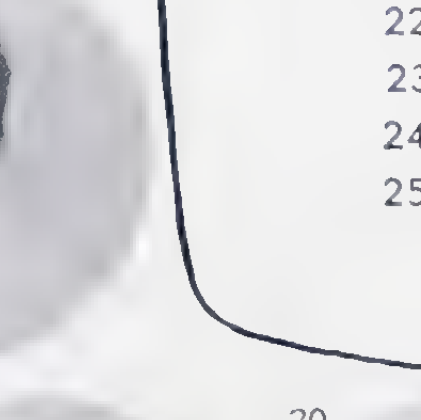
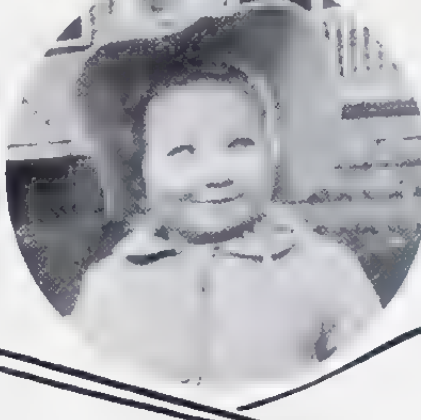
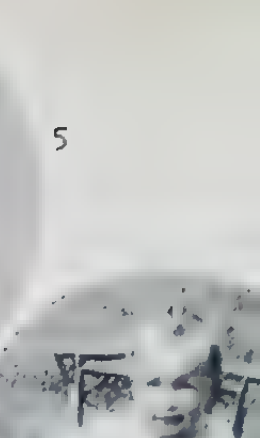
How

- WHAT IT COSTS TO RUN YOUR CHURCH
- HOW TO MANAGE FOR THE GROWING FAMILY
- HOW TO RUN YOUR BUSINESS
- HOW TO RUN YOUR BUSINESS
- HOW TO RUN YOUR BUSINESS
- HOW TO RUN YOUR BUSINESS



The
Accessory
Flair
Good Buys
Bulletin





1. Marcia Geyer
2. Mary Judge
3. Carol Coldwell
4. Carl Olson
5. Lorna Tedesco
6. Barbara Lynch
7. Paula Bison
8. John Willinski
9. Priscilla Kopeski
10. James MacLelland
11. Dorothy Pettis
12. Nancy Adams
13. Milford Kenney
14. David George
15. Kathleen Brodeur
16. Patricia Godfrey
17. Judith Mosher
18. Donna Wilson
19. Chester Oberlander
20. Paul Crehan
21. Franciline Braun
22. Jean Watson
23. Lois Nirenberg
24. Betty Alger
25. James White

ACTIVITIES





JUNIOR CLAS

"Will television replace the teacher?"

Class rings and prom troubles! Now that a standard school ring has been adopted, we will go down in history as the last class to engage in ring warfare. During April and May our thoughts revolved around the prom. We spent our days making decorations and our nights worrying about that "special date". "Apple Blossom Time" will always recall for us that wondrous occasion.



CLASS OFFICERS

President
Edward Simpson
Vice-President
Beverly Spencer
Secretary
Joan Harris
Treasurer
Kathleen Roy



"Let's make something!"



"Did Frank Lloyd Wright start this way?"

SOPHOMORE CLASS

"Oh, my aching head!"



CLASS OFFICERS

President
Thomas White
Vice-President
James McLean
Secretary
Sally Lydon
Treasurer
Geraldyn Pettis

Everyone contributed ideas toward the success of this year's Freshman Initiation. Our own poet laureate takes credit for:

Hail, mighty Sophomore,
Ruler of the school;
I am but a freshman,
Lower than a fool.

During our week of glory, the hallowed walls fairly shook with this gem. Next year we suggest there be a guard rail around the stage and we suspect the movement will be headed by Ray Cartier.

Let's keep together, girls!



Will it be oval or square?



FRESHMAN CLASS

The Mysteries of General Science.

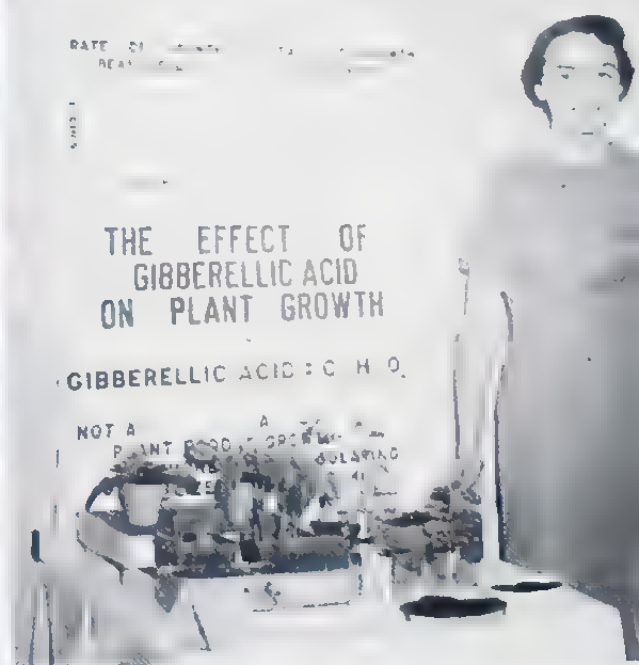
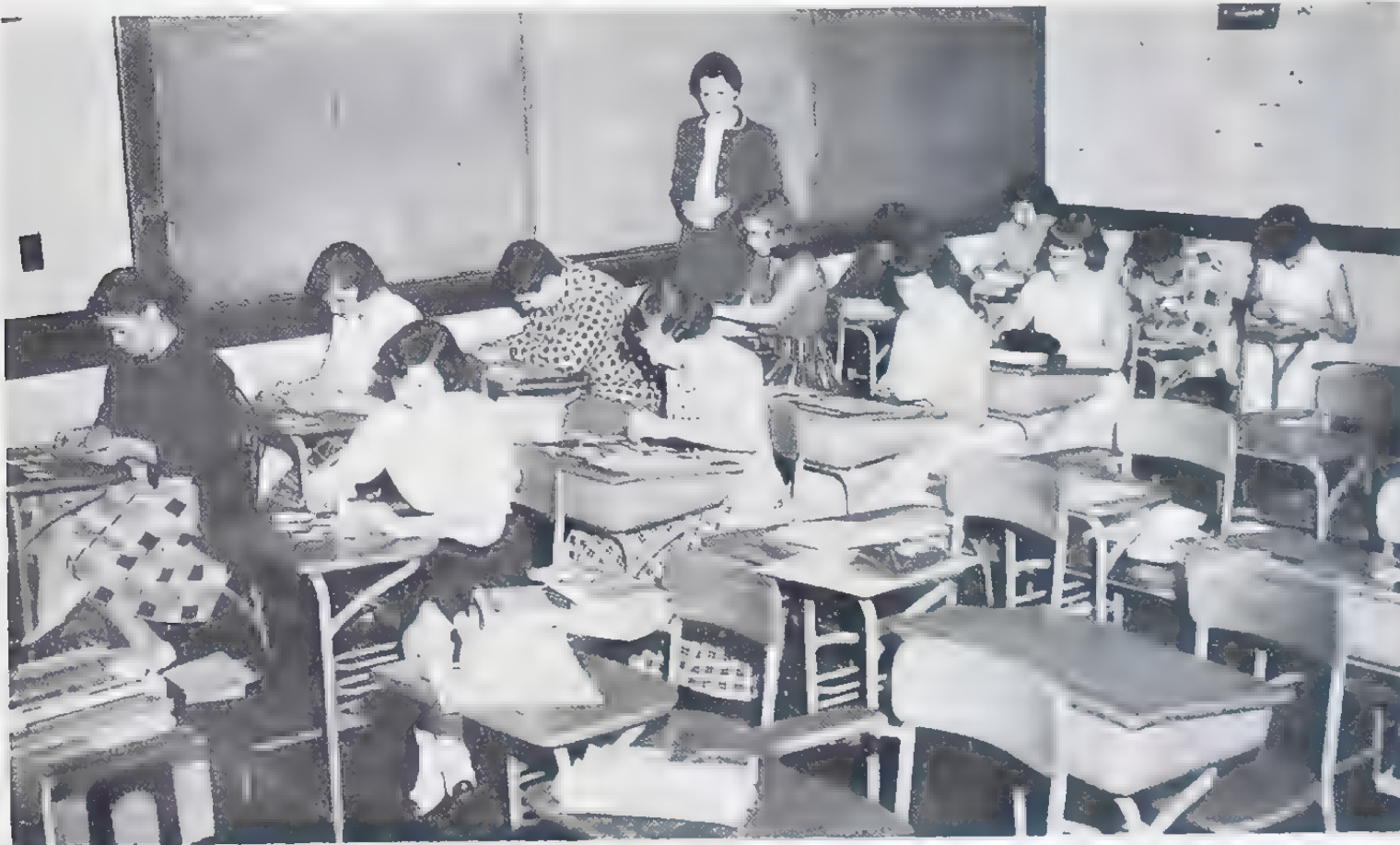
Grown up at last! Those first, faltering steps into high school life were climaxed with our initiation on October 23. The sophomores could have taken over Cape Canaveral that evening after successfully launching two freshman sputniks. Maryann Morgan and Danny Symonds stayed in orbit for about ten minutes, beeping constantly. Is there a beep translator in the school who can decode their message for us?



CLASS OFFICERS

President
William Marchand
Vice-President
Edward Gavin
Secretary
Jane Maxant
Treasurer
Judith Rivers

Future secretaries of America



Betty Kenney
Science Fair Winner



Power Mechanics in Operation



Front row: Mrs. Emerson, S. Lydon, R. Healy, V. Russell, E. Pollock, E. Gavin. **Back row:** B. Spencer, A. Horsley, B. Thorne, J. White, E. Kenney, J. McLean, J. Rivers.



Ring Committee in Action.
What company? What design? What shape?

STUDENT COUNCIL

No detention here!

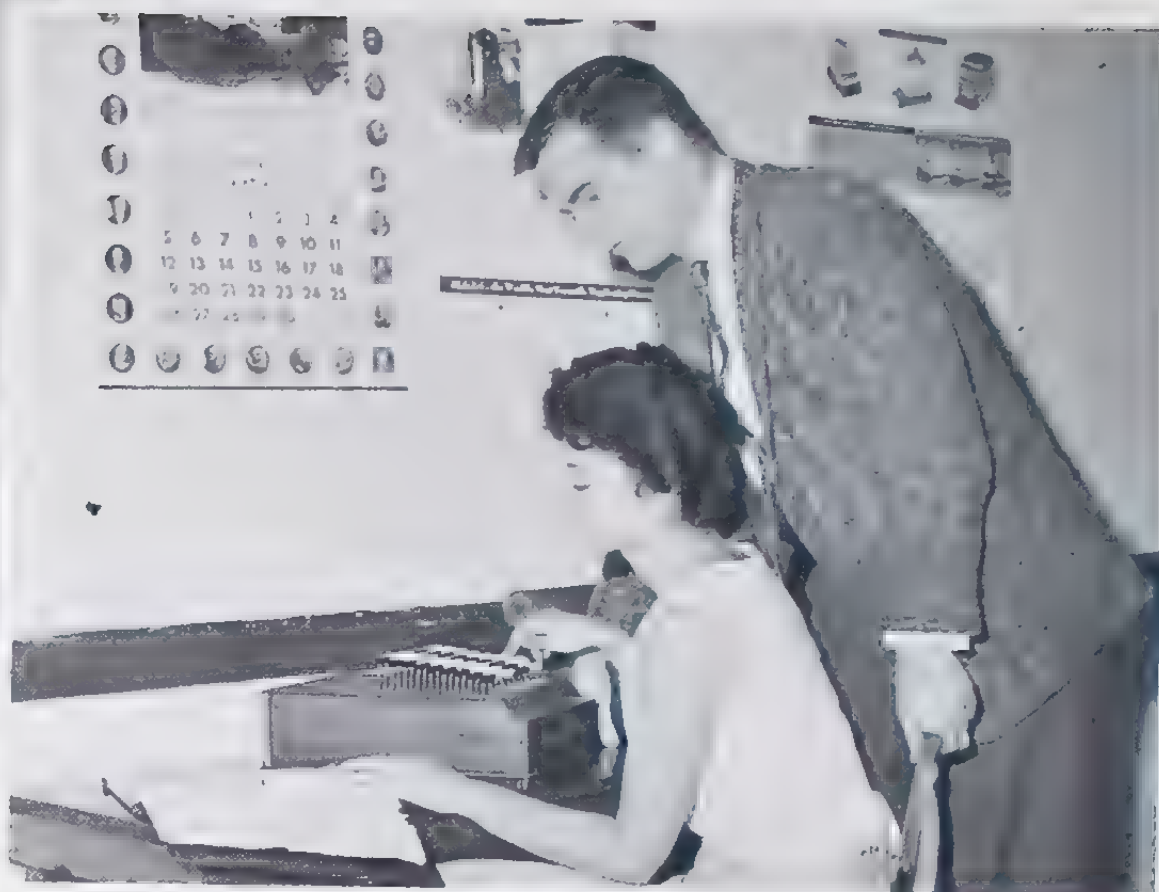
After election of officers in October we delved into the tremendous task of forming a lasting organization. Several members attended a workshop for Student Councils at Holliston High and received some useful ideas. Our only money-making activity was a Christmas dance. The new year brought several improvements—one-way stair traffic, a seating arrangement for assemblies, four consecutive lunch bells, a long-awaited constitution, and our major accomplishment, the selection of a standard school ring.



LIVE WIRE



Mary Barrett and Ann M. Kenny, Advisers



Editors Lorna Tedesco and Allen Horsley add up the profits.

The **Live Wire**, for the first time in several years, appeared in dual form, once as a paper and once as a magazine; we hoped thereby to please the majority of the student body and the faculty. We trust we have accomplished this and set a precedent for the

following years. We wish to thank Mrs. Barrett and Mrs. Kenny for their patience and assistance. The two graduating editors leave an able staff and their very best wishes to next year's editor, Etta Pollock.

Front row: P. Crehan, C. Olson, K. Brodeur, S. Frink, G. Johnson. **Second row:** P. Kopeski, M. Walter, M. Geyer, C. Coldwell. **Third row:** V. Russell, J. Wakefield, P. Godfrey, J. Casey. **Back row:** R. Healy, J. White, Mrs. Barrett, A. Horsley, L. Tedesco.



HONORS

GIRLS' and BOYS' STATE

Allen Horsley, Nancy Adams, Carl Olson . . . selected by the faculty . . . sponsored by Am. Leg. Post and Aux. No. 208 . . . a week's training in citizenship and government.



STUDENT GOVERNMENT DAY and D. A. R. REPRESENTATIVES

James White and Franciline Braun . . . chosen by the student body . . . youth rules for a day.

MEMORIAL DAY SPEAKERS

Kathleen Brodeur and Allen Horsley . . . two of the many high school students who, through the years, have joined with the townspeople on May 30 to commemorate the glories of the past.





Front row: R. Healy, J. Willinski, A. Horsley, P. Crehan, J. White, M. Kenney, C. Olson. **Middle row:** R. Sancoucy, R. Watson, R. Barry, M. Costello, P. Berry, J. Shannon, J. McLean, R. White. **Back row:** Coach Nolan, R. Barry, J. Johnson, R. King, J. McDonough, A. Maranjian, B. Thatcher, Coach Tobin.

FOOTBALL

The 1958 football squad was a strong contender for the Class D title until the results of the Millis-Medway game ended all hope of a tie with Hopkinton for the champion-

ship of the league. The Seniors wish the 1959 team better luck next year in demolishing our all-time rival.



Carl Olson



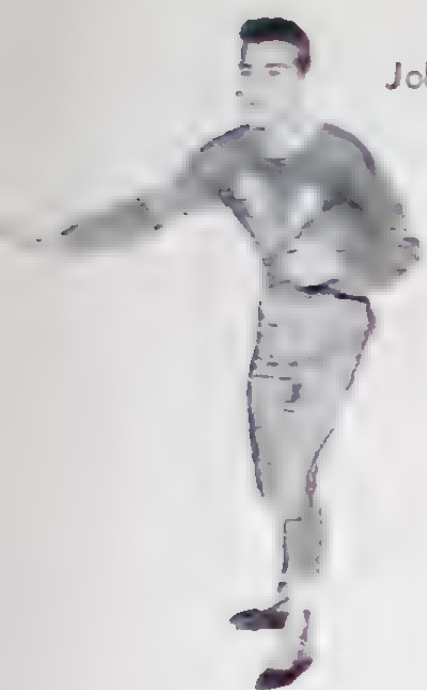
Paula Bison



Lorna Tedesco



Robert Healy



John Willinski



Milford Kenney



Coaches Robert Nolan and Frederick Tobin



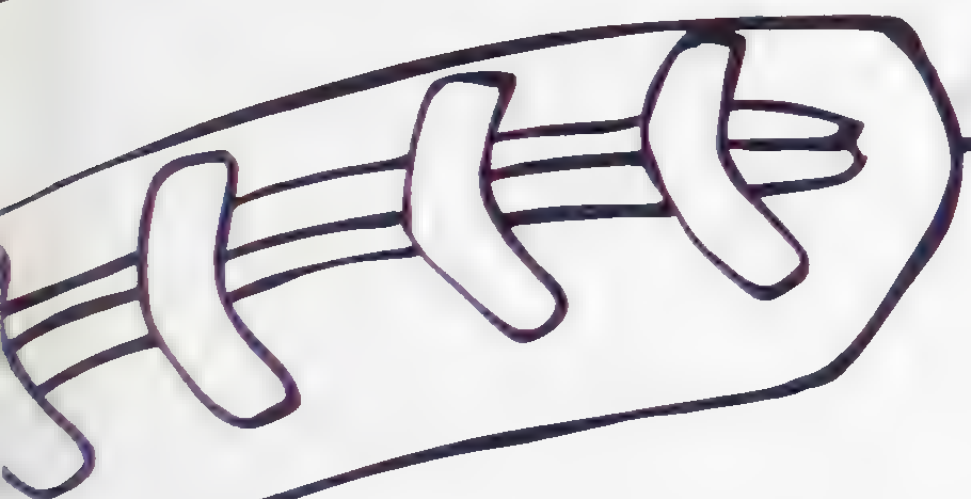
Paul Crehan



Jean Watson



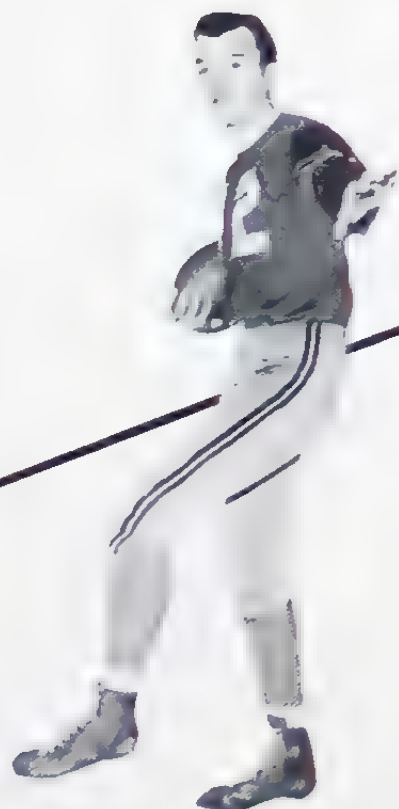
Allen Horsley



"Yeah! A touchdown!"

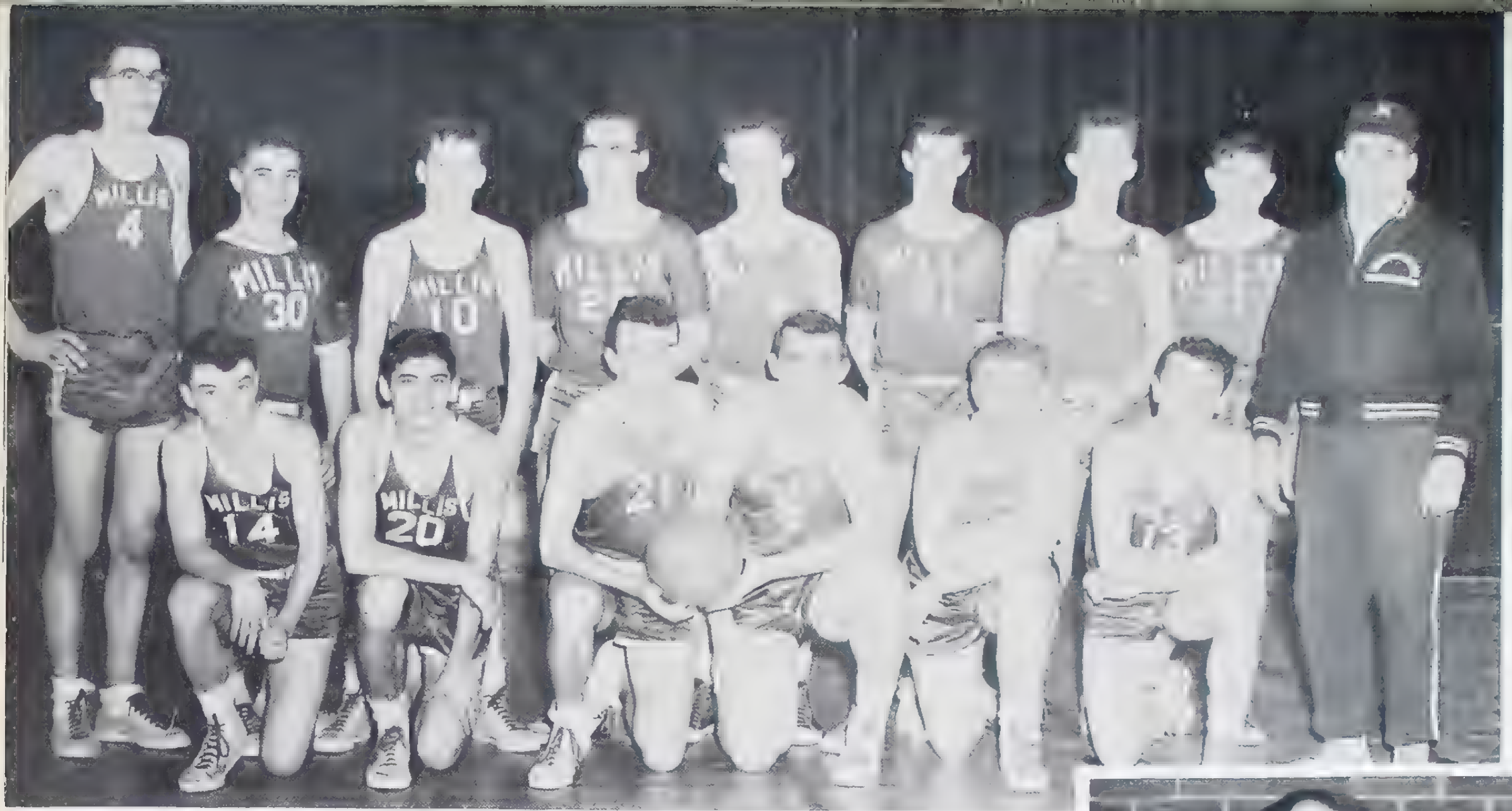


Judy Mosher



Jim White





Front row: T. White, M. Kinnear, J. White, C. Olson, R. Healy, P. Berry, Coach Nolan. **Back row:** J. Fanning, J. Johnson, R. Barry, J. Costello, R. Watson, J. McLean, D. Tedesco, R. King.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

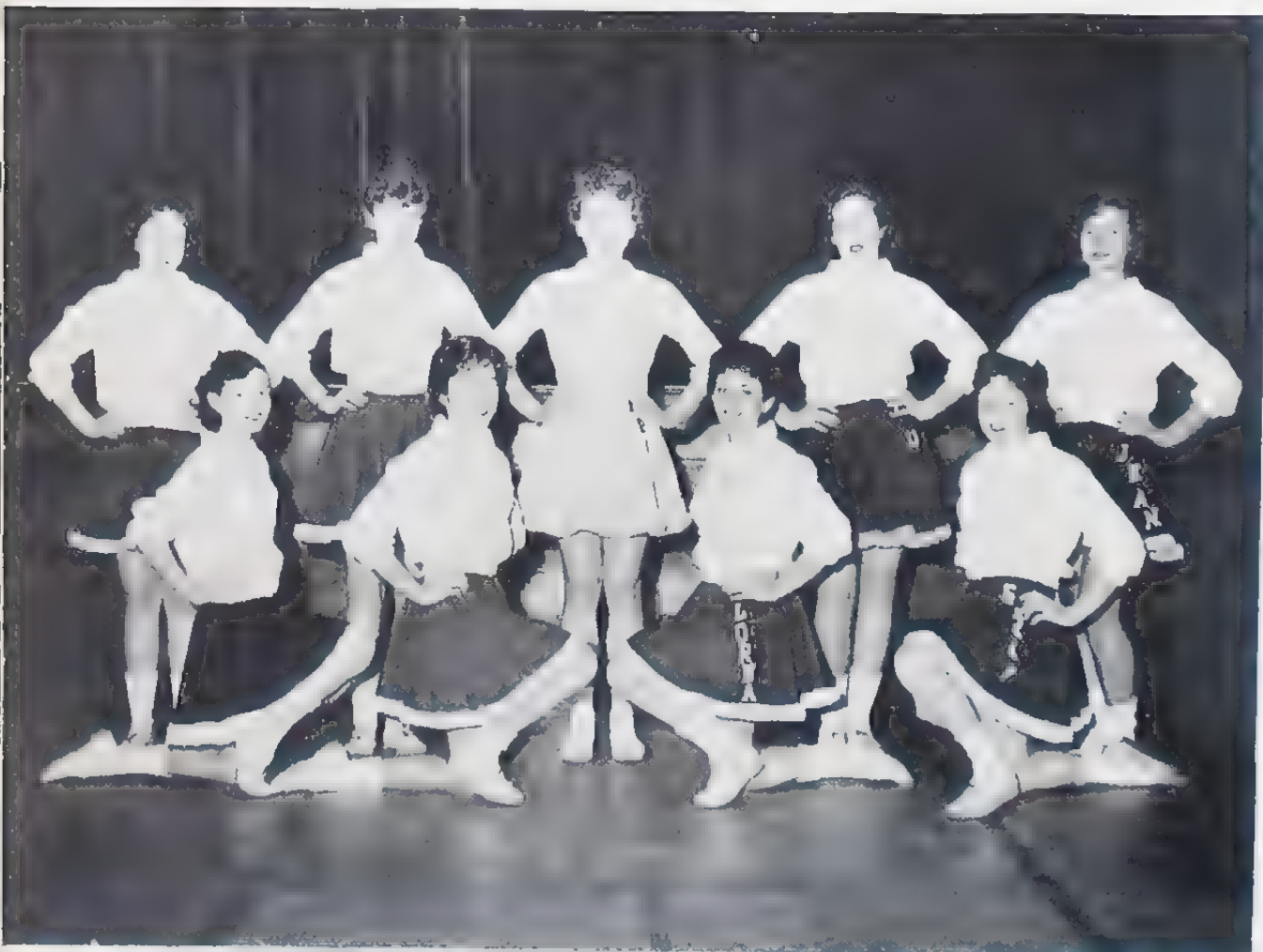
This year's team had the best season since 1953. After losing the opening game to the League Champions the boys went on to win four consecutive games and compiled a final record of 7-7. They entered the Bay State Tourney, only to be beaten in the waning seconds of a very exciting contest.

Front row: J. Rivers, S. Wilson, L. Tedesco, S. Lydon.
Back row: D. Joyce, A. Maguire, P. Bison, J. Mosher, J. Watson.



Coach Nolan

Co-captains White and Olson



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

In November fifty enthusiastic girls came out for basketball; the twenty-five best made the team, ten playing Varsity. Mary Judge, Kathy Brodeur, Priscilla Kopeski, and Pat Godfrey were the senior Varsity members.

Though no terrific scores were accrued the girls learned much about good sportsmanship. The ardent zeal of the younger girls makes a bright picture for the years ahead.

Our Junior Varsity



Captain Mary Judge, Coach Olive



Front row: K. Brodeur, P. Kopeski, J. Wakefield. **Back row:** J. Whitley, B. Mushnick, P. Godfrey, M. Walter, B. Braun, M. Judge.





Standing: B. Batchelder, L. Coldwell, R. Barry, R. Young, Capt. Olson, Coach Nolan, J. Fanning, T. White. **Kneeling:** V. Grasso, J. Cronin, E. Gavin, J. Costello, J. Johnson, V. Grasso, R. King.

BASEBALL

This year's team had the first Millis victory in forty-five consecutive games. We just haven't been a "baseball" town; but wait until the Little Leaguers grow up—they'll put Millis back in the running.



Captain Carl Olson and Coach Robert Nolan

SOFTBALL

The softball team won only one game this year, but—it was against Medway! Afterwards the girls treated the Medwayites to Cokes and cookies in the cafeteria as a farewell to Captain Godfrey.



Captain Pat Godfrey and Coach Pauline O'Neil



Standing: M. Walter, C. Winiker, V. Russell, P. Godfrey, G. Powell, M. McDonough, B. Thorne, M. Meleski, M. Fisher, S. Frink, M. Morgan, B. Kenney, Coach O'Neil. **Kneeling:** J. Whitley, J. Rivers, S. Dayhoff, G. Johnson, G. Duhamel.



HIGH SCHOOL HI-LIGHTS



Grand March

JUNIOR PROM

May 8, 1958



"Left foot, everyone."



"Shhh!"



Finale



"Are the lines straight, Mrs. Gavin?"

SENIOR RECEPTION

May 20, 1959

May 20 could have gone on record as one of the hottest days of the century, and the Junior Prom and Senior Reception certainly went on record as one of the happiest occasions of our high school days.

Meet the Seniors



Salute to the Class of 1960



"Why so serious, boys?"

VALENTINE COURT



"Watch your step!"

Our Queen and her ladies-in-waiting.



Suspense!





That's all, folks

THE SENIORS PRESENT "BRINGING UP MOTHER"

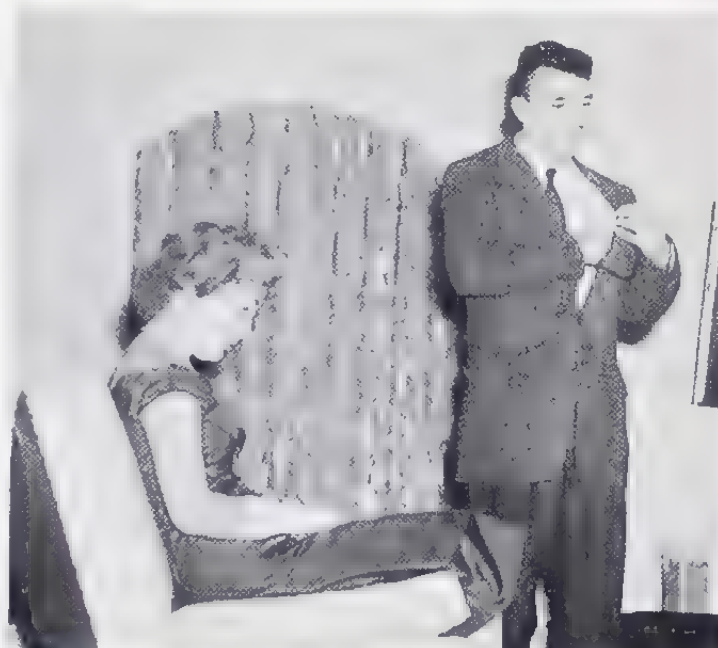
CAST

Mrs. Hunter-Chase
Drusilla Hunter-Chase
Lady Beamcuff
Lord Cecil Beamcuff
Mrs. Maggie Fitzgerald
Mary Louise Fitzgerald
Margot Vane
The Duke of Guisebur
Rudy Crosby
Idaho Ike
Marmaduke

Franciline Braun
Priscilla Kopeski
Nancy Adams
James White
Marcia Geyer
Paula Bison
Mary Judge
Allen Horsley
Carl Olson
Robert Healy
John Willinski



"May I serve you, my lady?"



"I'll have to look that up."



Man-about-town

Rapt attention



We made it at last.

A symbol of our country's gratitude.

WASHINGTON TRIP



Ready and waiting.

"Wake up, Eddie!"



Men of Annapolis

"Semper fidelis"



SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Ladies and gentlemen, I realize you are warm and uncomfortable, also that you have been and will be listening to academic speeches all evening. Therefore, as opposed to the ordinary history of a class seen through the eyes of a human being, I would like to give you a slightly different and, I hope, amusing account of our class activities as seen through the eyes of two individuals whose ideas might possibly be quite different from ordinary people.

It chanced one day that two angels, Brothers Izaia and Ezekial, were walking over, about a mile over, some beautiful New England country side. Both angels had been members of the celestial host for many centuries. They had studied carefully the progress of humanity. This study had affected them both, but in entirely different ways. While Izaia had become quite an optimist, Ezekial had developed into a profound cynic.

"Is it truly not a shame, brother Izaia, that such beautiful terrain should be inhabited by the type of rogue that humanity has become?" Thus spoke Ezekial in a characteristic mood of depression.

"Your cynicism is not understandable, Ezekial; I am forced to disagree. At this moment directly below is a certain institution of learning. Descend with me; I will show you the true character of modern youth."

"Lead on, Izaia, and prepare to be disappointed."

Strangely enough, this particular school was Millis High. It was the middle of September, 1955, and the Class of '59 was just entering as freshmen.

"Shall we, friend Ezekial, observe the progress of this freshmen class? I trust they will prove my point."

"Ah, observe how foolishly they dress, how sloppy and slovenly."

"Come now, Ezekial, you know very well that this is what these moderns call an 'initiation', merely good-natured fun."

"Fun you call it? Look there."

"They are merely removing candies from a bowl of chocolate syrup."

"Yes, but kneeling on a stage with their hands tied behind their backs?"

"Ahem, let's move ahead in time a bit."

(This, by the way, is a special seniority right of older angels.)

"You see, Ezekial, they still take part in healthy athletic activities."

The two angels were now perched pre-

cariously on an "I" beam in the middle of the Weston gymnasium. "See, watch that one," whispered Izaia. "His name is Jim White. Watch how nimbly and gracefully he handles himself! Look, he approaches the goal, basket as it is called: he has scored! Well done for one so young, is it not?"

"Wrong goal, my dear Izaia, the Millis team is going the other way."

"Kill joy."

They watched as the rest of this year passed. Unfortunately during the summer they were put on harp cleaning detail which took them well into the next September. However, their interest had been kindled and they rejoined each other to observe the sophomore year.

"See, my pessimistic friend," was Izaia's first comment, "the old team of athletes is nearly all graduated and our young friends have taken the burden upon themselves."

"Yes, and look at the record — eight straight losses."

"Sometimes, dear friend, if it is possible, I dislike you intensely. It was worth it for the experience they got."

"And now look, they are forcing underclassmen to perform the same fiendish rites that they went through. Two wrongs never make a right."

"Again, I say it is merely good clean fun."

"Fun to embarrass those poor boys and girls by making them perform such foolish acts as singing love songs to one another and pushing a peanut across the floor with their noses?"

"Yes, it is really very funny."

"Well, anyway, let us see what is to become of your little proteges. Let us go forward another year."

"Aha, look, they were not discouraged. They have again turned out to partake in athletics. Listen to the praise of their new coach, Robert Nolan."

"Aw right, these two laps are for the fat men and the smokers."

"Oops, well, look how hard they are trying. Six out of the first eleven are our juniors and the record has changed a little. They have won three games of the last six."

"Well now, my happy little fellow, watch what happens when I move the time up a little to around May 8. They are getting ready for their Prom, some sort of dance or other."

"Ah, yes, and look how hard they are working."

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

"Some of them seem to be having a bit of a spat, however."

At this point both angels were forced to duck as a ball of tape launched by Lorna Tedesco and headed straight for Carl Olson sped over their heads. Lorna and Carl are two people who, in times of stress, get along famously.

The two angels, being quite invisible and very light, decided to attend the "Prom." They obtained excellent seats on some conveniently hung crepe paper from which they watched the Senior Reception, the Grand March, and the mass exodus for the Monticello at 10:30.

"Where on earth, or elsewhere, can they all be going—into some type of mischief?"

"Ezekial, you have a one-track mind. Why not accompany our specimens and find out?"

"Ah, I told you so! An establishment of sin."

"It is merely a night club for dining and dancing. It is perfectly—well, nothing is perfect, but it seems innocent."

"Aha, it isn't over yet. They are leaving, and, from the looks of it, they aren't going home."

"Of course not; tonight they may stay out 'til four o'clock. They are going to a party, chaperoned."

"Humph." This was the only comment the, by this time thoroughly confused Ezekial, had to make. "They didn't do this when I was a boy."

"And that was quite awhile ago, I should say."

For the summer the two angels were again occupied—this time on cloud-patching and soul-judging detail. They did, nevertheless, manage to arrive back in time to catch the end of football season and some interesting antics.

"Well, they didn't do so badly this year," said Izaia.

"They should have been champions."

"Well, with that terse comment, I note a bit of affection, brother dear."

"Well, so what?"

"You know, Ezekial, I believe they might have been champions if they had had more than sixteen boys on the squad and hadn't had so many injuries."

At this point their conversation was interrupted by a baleful cry. "But how can we possibly raise that much money?" It was a meeting on the Washington trip.

"A whist party and a penny sale would help."

"Defend that, Izaia, they're gambling."

"A raffle and some record hops," piped in a small voice.

"Gambling **and** dancing."

"Ezekial, you are about two centuries behind the times."

Amazingly, Ezekial seemed quite affected by this last statement, for if there was one thing he prided himself on, it was keeping up with human affairs. He said nothing but appeared quite taken aback.

Time moved quickly forward. Ezekial watched with interest the whist party, the penny sale, and the record hops, all of which were great financial successes. Soon it was the first week of April and the class had prepared a dramatic milestone to be presented for the benefit of the underclassmen. Aided admirably by the direction of Mrs. Ann Kenney and the ad libs of Marcia Geyer, it was a smashing success.

May 4, and the class was off to make use of its hard earned money. The two angels, not having been in Washington in many years, as most angels find it an inhospitable place, decided that perhaps they should risk the trip after all. Strangely enough, however, they were accidentally caught in a trunk that wasn't opened 'til they were back home. Luckily, they heard much discussion of the trip, about the Capitol Building, the Supreme Court, the White House, the Library of Congress, and a place called Sam's about which they could understand very little.

Back in Millis they were again set free, their esteem for the education of the students much improved. Imagine all those severe academic buildings and sights — but what was Sam's?

It was nearly graduation. Ezekial's cynicism had in the last four years suffered a severe setback. He had actually grown fond of these modern children. Izaia was literally bursting with pride.

"I told you they were not bad; I told you they were all right."

"Sit still and watch the ceremonies — I can't stand a know-it-all."

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your patience and indulgence, and to you two sitting on that beam just above the basket, I thank you for your candid opinions.

Allen C. Horsley

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

It was June 9, 1969, and I had just received word that my editor wanted me in his office immediately. He told me that a professor of chemistry at Harvard, Jimmy Alger, had discovered a new element and called it Algium. This literally took me off my feet, especially when he told me Alger had made an experiment with the element by administering it to one of his former classmates, Chester Oberlander. Chester started to dance and sing, thus proving what Professor Alger wanted to prove, that when people took his element in the form of a pill, they got new pep, vim, and vigor.

"Do you realize," said my boss to the editor, "what this will mean to the world? It will give it renewed strength."

By this time I had recovered my breath enough to say that I was a classmate of Oberlander and Alger and that this I had to see. He sat for a while and said finally, "What this paper needs is a human interest story. As a classmate of theirs, you're the one to do it." Thus I started out to tour the country to interview all the former pupils of the Class of 1959.

My first talk was with Betty Alger, Professor Alger's secretary. We had lunch together and she told me the whereabouts of some of my classmates, many of whom I hadn't heard about for some time. When I asked her if she could get away for about three weeks and come with me on my tour, she said that she would like to very much. Being with Alger for so long, she thought she needed the rest. Little did she know that she wouldn't get much rest!

We decided to start right here in Millis. It had grown to be a large city because of its most thriving industry, "The Willinski Cigar Works." When we arrived at Willie's house,

his wife Dorothy Pettis greeted us and invited us in. She told us, however, that her husband had gone on a business trip to get Sir Robert Healy, the tobacco auctioneer for Sucky Likes cigarettes, for a smoking club rally.

The next day, after an interesting talk with the Willinskis and Sir Robert, I visited the Clyde F. Brown School to interview Miss Godfrey, the first grade teacher. As I opened the door, I heard Miss Godfrey talking to little Cynthia Willinski. "My dear," she said, "profit by the mistakes made by your father and me, and please try to get to school on time!"

As I was talking to Pat, I walked James White, the famous poet, who had come to get Pat's opinion of his latest poem entitled "To Virginia." This poem was really written from the heart. Pat and I left the school together. She told me that I was in for a surprise. We walked around the corner to a large white house. On the lawn was a sign which read "Paul J. Crehan, The Friendly Undertaker." His assistant, Carol Coldwell, was as busy as a bee. She is a great help to her employer because Carol is still slaying them. I had a hair-raising interview with Crehan, and when I left, he invited me to come again when I could stay longer. Betty then informed me that our plane reservations were made for New York and we could leave at ten o'clock the following morning.

After visiting the Mayor of Millis, Milford Kenney, we jumped into my helicopter and sped on our way to the airport. While we were seated in the airliner a familiar figure came up the aisle. It was the pilot. I was amazed to find out that it was Franciline Braun. She told us that on one of her trips she had met Jimmy MacLelland who was with the Sum-

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

mer Stock Theatre at Hyannis, Massachusetts. He was playing the part of Hopalong Cassidy. Knowing that Jimmy was quite an actor in school, we were not surprised. We invited Franciline to the horse races when we went to interview our first New York classmate, Donna Wilson. She is now teaching physical education there and has also become the nation's first woman jockey. The race was exciting, and Woody, her horse, won.

The four of us had dinner together and talked about our classmates at Millis High. The first name to come up was Kathy Brodeur's. Kathy and her husband, Carl Olson, are operating a very prosperous motel in Maine under the name of "The Sir Echo Motel." Donna then told us that the latest news from Priscilla Kopeski was that she is very busy taking care of her twin sons, Teddy and Larry. After our very pleasant talk Franciline went back to her plane, and Donna back to her horse.

When Betty and I arrived back at the hotel, a telegram asking her to come back to Millis was waiting for her. We said farewell and went our separate ways, she to Millis and I to California.

I stepped out of the plane at Reno, Nevada, to interview a fellow journalist, Lois Nirenberg, who is writing an advice to the love-lorn column for the **Reno Separator**. I went to Lois's home with her for dinner. She told me that Lorna Tedesco was a model for DuBarry of New York and Paris, demonstrating **Color Glo**, the first waterproof haircoloring rinse.

After dinner a knock came at the door, and a Fuller Brush salesman stepped in. He was none other than Allen Horsley. Allen told us that a former classmate of ours, David

George, is in business for himself. He sells the **David George Indelible Lipstick**. He also said that Nancy Adams and Mary Judge are managers of a reducing salon, using the motto, "Hip, Hip, Away."

That evening I left for California, and arrived in time to see the premiere of **This Woman's Navy**, a musical co-starring Barbara Lynch and Jean Watson. Marcia Geyer, the comedienne of the show, is no longer known as Marcia Geyer, but as Maggie Fitzgerald, a name acquired from a famous play, **Bringing Up Mother**, in which she had the leading role. Lorna and Barbara told me that Eddie Power is working at the Quartermaster Command in Natick. He is really very tired because of so much overtime. He often works until midnight or later . . .

I spent the weekend with them in California and left Monday morning in order to meet the deadline for the following Sunday's publication.

In Boston on my way to interview my last classmate, Judy Mosher, I passed The Little Church Around The Corner and saw Judy and Chester Oberlander leaving the church as bride and groom. It seems that after taking the pill, Chester got up enough courage to ask Judy to marry him, and together they plan to open a dancing school, to be called Professor Oberlander's Dance Studio. It will specialize in ballet.

I arrived in Millis just in time to deliver my assignment to the editor, and went off to the peace and solitude of my quiet home to rest with the secure feeling that the Class of 1959 was one of which we all can be proud.

Paula Bison

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1959, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

To Mr. Brown we leave our enduring gratitude for all his efforts on our behalf. We wish him every happiness in the years to come.

To Mrs. Gavin we leave next year's senior class.

To Miss Duhig we leave a shower cap to be worn on all future Washington trips.

To Mr. Newell we leave the A. M. A.'s guide to doctors in Washington and a bottle of No-Doze for those two A. M. appointments.

To Mr. Rivers we leave a team of white mice to pull his "petit auto francais." We hope that he enjoys his year in Paris.

To Mrs. Kenny we leave two dozen ash trays to be used at play rehearsals.

To Mr. Doyle we leave a plaque inscribed, "I may not always be right, but I am NEVER wrong!"

To Mr. Palumbo the physics class leaves the Quantum Theory. We don't believe it.

To Mrs. Barrett we leave a two-way TV system for the girls' room.

To the Junior Class we leave the Washington trip.

To the Sophomore Class we leave the problems of staging a successful Prom.

To the Freshman Class we leave the chance to get revenge for their initiation.

To the eighth grade we leave General Science. Please don't let Mr. Palumbo make any more fire extinguishers.

Lois Nirenberg leaves "Dear Abby" to Paul Berry.

Jean Watson leaves in her space ship, still mumbling, "Take me to your leader."

Judith Mosher leaves "Irma" to her sister Joan.

Carol Coldwell leaves Millis High to start her own automobile repair shop.

Allen Horsley leaves his little black book to John Kostick. Sorry, John, but he's already removed the Cambridge numbers.

Edward Power leaves his spot in the parking lot to Bob O'Neill—with restrictions. It is not to be used during school hours.

Donna Wilson leaves her gift of gab to Etta Pollock, Joan Harris, and Sally Barrett.

Marcia Geyer leaves a can of Bardahl to the Driver Ed. car. "Is Blackie Carbon riding with you tonight?"

David George leaves his quiet manner and noisy car to Harry Hall.

James MacLelland left Arlington to join us and we've enjoyed having him with us.

Paul Crehan leaves his exuberant personality to John Dmytryck.

Barbara Lynch leaves the remains of Room 613 of the Commodore Hotel.

Robert Healy takes his singing voice and goes.

James White leaves his knobby knees to the next Bermuda shorts wearer.

Dorothy Pettis leaves the Salutatory Address to some lucky junior.

Paula Bison leaves a fence around Paul Berry so no one else can get him.

Mary Judge leaves her Irish temper to Kathleen Roy.

Franciline Braun leaves her lorgnette and dramatic talents to Anne Maguire.

Lorna Tedesco leaves her chewing gum to Mrs. Gavin.

Chester Oberlander leaves a poster for the bulletin board which reads, "Join the Navy and see the world."

John Willinski leaves his hiding place during classes to Arthur Maranjian.

James Alger leaves his haircut at the barbershop—we hope!

Elizabeth Alger leaves her perfect attendance record to Robert Young.

Kathleen Brodeur leaves her bobby pins to Jean Casey. Kathy decided that a flat-top is better than that nightly pin-up.

Carl Olson leaves his good looks and happy grin to Tommy White.

Patricia Godfrey leaves for the motorcycle races on her shiny new Harley.

Priscilla Kopeski leaves her standing appointment at Kenneth's to Betsy Mushnick.

Milford Kenny tiptoes out on his way to Sam's place.

Signed:

Nancy Adams

Witnessed on this ninth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine by:

George

Marmaduke, the butler

Joe, the bus driver



Franciline Braun
Valedictory



Dorothy Pettis
Salutatory



Allen Horsley
Class History



Nancy Adams
Class Will



Paula Biso
Class Prophet

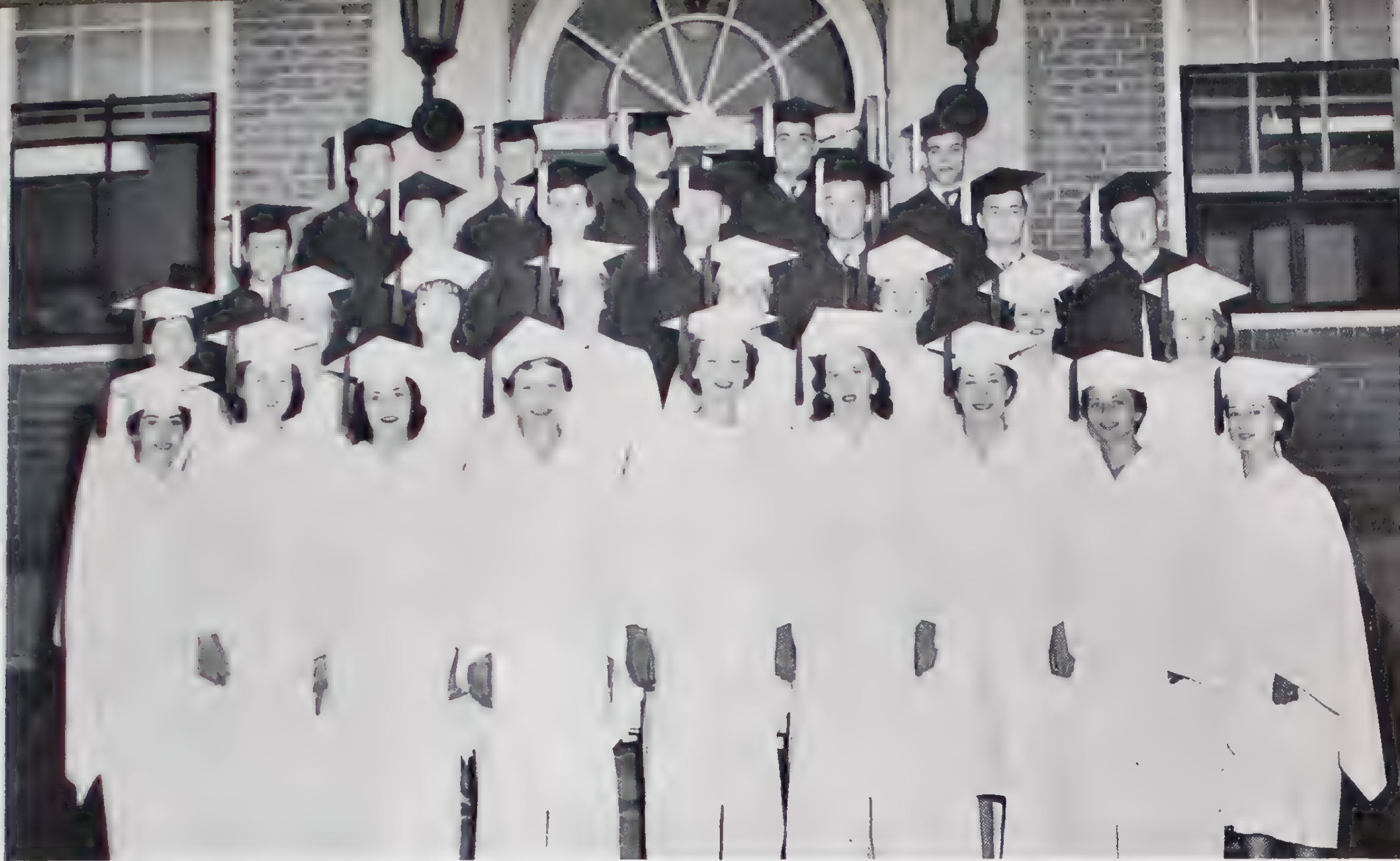
GRADUATION DAY, JUNE 9, 1959

Graduation Day at last! The week began with a Baccalaureate Service on Sunday and an inspiring message by the Reverend Edward T. Dell, Jr. Monday and Tuesday sped by with last minute rehearsals and decorat-

ing. Then, as we received our diplomas and sang **Gray is the Peaceful Night** for the last time as students and the first time as alumni, we became responsible adults in a new world.

"Do we have to graduate tonight?"



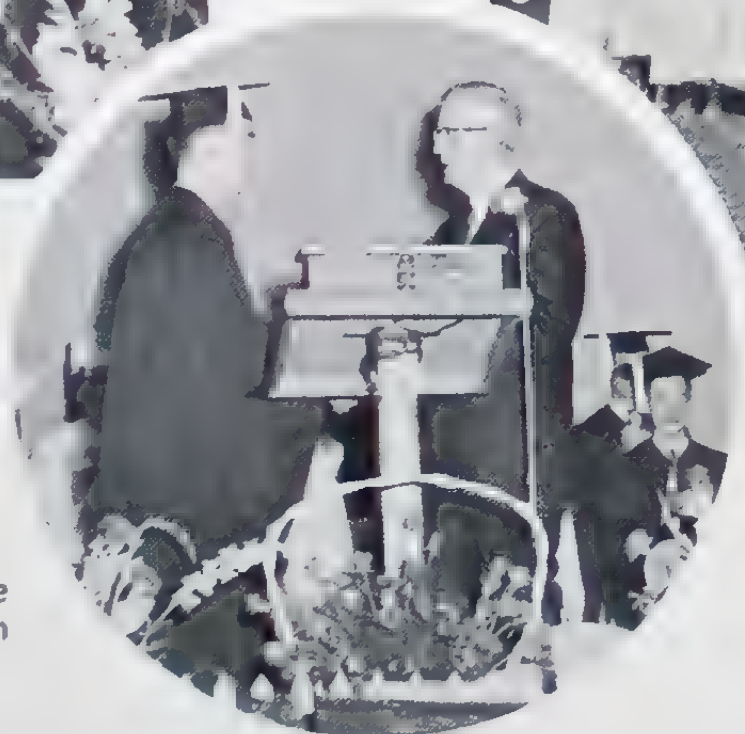


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